

## CHARIVARIA.

THE capital proposal has now been made that not only shall Members of Parliament be paid a salary but they shall also be provided with a neat uniform, to lend them an air of distinction—as is done in the case of postmen and policemen and other paid servants of the State.

In this connection we have to report that one of the most useful police dogs of Moscow, according to *The Express*, has just fallen a victim to the misplaced zeal of an official dog-catcher who mistook him for a "stray," and made away with him. No doubt this will lead to these canine policemen wearing uniform in the future instead of being plain-clothes dogs.

"On the Female Suffrage question women themselves are divided." Suggested new title for the Sex:—The Divided Skirts.

"You may take it from me," said Mr. ASQUITH at Reading, "that Mr. REDMOND has no more to do with the Dissolution than the man in the moon." But surely the man in the moon had something to do with it? See Reports of Lunacy Commissioners.

"At present," said Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL at Farnworth, "the Lords have doubled like a hare with the hounds behind." The word "hounds," we hear, has given grave offence to many of Mr. SAMUEL's fellow-sportsmen.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S sympathies are certainly limited. He decided to give an habitual criminal whose acquaintance he and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made at Dartmoor "another chance." But the Lords—

By-the-by, *The Law Journal*, in commenting on this case, says, "This man has a habit of stealing from churches—a peculiarly mean form of crime." But, we would ask, has the Editor himself never stolen from church—during a dull sermon?

A writer on the subject of "Fashions for Men," after stating that "the frock-coat has fallen irrecoverably into the debris of shattered institutions,"

goes on to mention that they are still worn by certain peers of the realm. This is not quite that attitude towards the aristocracy which one has come to expect of a writer on fashions.

"The election posters," says OBSERVATOR in *The Observer*, "bear signs of having been put out in a hurry. One, in a representation of Mr. ASQUITH, contrives to put the big toe on the right side of his right foot!" This, however, is only a clever piece of symbolism; the big toe is supposed to have needed a change, being tired of "toeing the line."



## VOTER'S VERTIGO.

VERY PREVALENT JUST NOW.

London's Dreadnought, *The Thunderer*, is to be launched next January. It would be a graceful compliment to invite the Editor of *The Times* to perform the christening ceremony.

In future, French match-boxes are to be beautified by the reproduction on them of paintings in the Louvre. But we fancy that what the long-suffering French public wants is not so much striking pictures as striking matches.

An American firm is about to flood this country with advertisements of its "Arrow Collars," and the British trade is said to be alarmed at the incursion. The British trade, it seems

to us, had better make the most of Eton collars while they are left to it.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has published a book entitled "Aspects of Death in Art." This seems to suggest the possibility of a cheery exhibition at the Graves Galleries.

Answer to a Correspondent:—No, the Censor has not removed the ban: "Inconstant George" is not the title of Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN's play.

SUDERMANN's strong novel, *Das hohe Lied*, has been translated into English by Mr. SELTZER. Will the result, we wonder, be SUDERMANN and SELTZER water?

At a memorial meeting for the great German tragedian, JOSEF KAINZ, held in Berlin last week, it was stated that one of his favourite ideas was that theatre programmes should not disclose the identity of the players. Over here it has never been found possible to get the actors to go further than to consent to the concealment of the name of the playwright.

We have often wondered what was the meaning of the expression "High School," and now we know. According to an advertisement in *The Spectator*, Buxton College, Derbyshire, is "1,000 feet high." It is good to know that American skyscrapers are not having everything their own way.

Another conversion! Father Christmas used to be liberal, but times are so bad now—

"Mr. C. T. Edwardes played a banjo solo, accompanied on the same instrument by Miss Elsie Edwardes."—*Evening News*.

Soloist (crossly to accompanist): "There you are, getting in the way again! Why can't you keep to the E string?"

Accompanist (with dignity): "Very well; this decides me. Next time I shall bring my own banjo."

"It was a really typical gathering. There was a welcoming of the preacher... which was most encouraging, and we were followed home by a gift of a dozen eggs."—*Church Times*.

It certainly sounds typical, though occasionally one is chased home by more eggs than a dozen.

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE PEOPLE v. THE COMMONS.

IN times of great stress and heat I am always glad to avail myself of the atmosphere of temperate calm which pervades the presence of Prenderby. As a General Election approaches he grows more and more detached, till he almost disappears from sight. Of course I only take an academic interest in his points of view, and would never let him persuade me to adopt an attitude even of semi-detachment. And, to do him justice, he never tries to convert me. He says he would not wish to sacrifice any source of quiet entertainment.

"Well, what about the Referendum?" I asked.

"I hold no brief for that Alpine device," said Prenderby, "for I have never mistaken the people's voice for the voice of a god. But I retain the right to be surprised and shocked when I see that the very party which has always vouched for the divinity of Demos now protests against the idea of directly consulting its own beloved oracle on matters of grave doubt."

"Our contention," said I, coming fresh and fortified from a study of Lord MORLEY's great speech in favour of maintaining the Constitution intact, "is that our country's system is a representative system, and that the Referendum would disfigure the authority of the people's representatives."

"If," said Prenderby, as though reading my thoughts, "you allude to Lord MORLEY, for whom I entertain a profound respect, I should think more of his Conservative arguments if he himself were not in favour of a Radical Bill for breaking up the Constitution by means of what he facetiously calls an 'adjustment of the relations between the two Houses on an amicable basis.' However, I sympathise with you—for the moment. I have always held that, in an ideal democracy, the people's representatives, once elected, should be given a free hand to do their best for the country during the natural term of Parliament. But then I would have our representatives chosen on a principle very different from that which is in use. I would choose—Liberals or Unionists—men of the highest intelligence, experience and patriotism, on whose judgment I could rely even for the handling of questions on which my opinion had never been consulted. But how and why do we actually elect our Members? Not, except in rare cases, on their personal merits; not as thinking men; but just as specimens of one or other party, foisted on us by a caucus. And there they sit in the House with instructions to surrender their private judgment (if any) and act as voting automata at the bidding of the party whip. What guarantee can we have that on any given question, possibly not even contemplated among the variegated issues at a General Election, our dummy really 'represents' us? Unless we make a change in our methods, I see no solution of a rotten state of things except through the Referendum."

"Its introduction as a party cry," I said, "at the last moment justifies our humorists in describing it as a red-herring-endum."

"True wit delights me," said Prenderby, on a note of discouragement. "But what, after all, is the matter with a good red herring? It is an excellent thing for dragging across the trail when the field is on the scent of a hare that's got the plague. But to return to this piercing outcry against the notion of going over the heads of the people's representatives to consult the people themselves. Have you observed lately what a deal of talk there is about the dignity and authority of the House of Commons? It seems to have assumed an importance far exceeding that of

the men who elect it. And, curiously enough, it is with the steady decline in the personal weight and influence of its Members (since only a dozen or so on each side are allowed to count as anything more than mere Ayes or Noes), and with its gradual humiliation under the pressure of party machinery, that we find the House of Commons developing this habit of self-complacency. And I recognise in the Referendum the best available corrective for such a state of swelled head. If I am not inviting you to betray a party secret, what, may I ask, is your objection to it?"

"If," I said, "the people's verdict were unfavourable it would mean a General Election every time. No self-respecting Government could survive the rebuff to its prestige."

"I doubt it," said Prenderby cheerfully. "I have too firm a confidence in the tenacity of most Ministries. They would sit tight and try something else. But, in all probability, they would seldom or never incur such a rebuff. They would guard their dignity by so moderating their proposals as to ensure their acceptance by the country."

"Well, anyhow," said I, "it was only a tactical move of the Tories at the eleventh hour."

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, with a touch of compassion, "the peculiarity of the eleventh hour is not only that it comes just before the twelfth, but also that it comes just after the tenth. Late tactics have to be answered by tactics later still. Black at an advanced stage makes a forward move which exposes one of his own pieces. White steps in and snaps it up. 'Aha!' says Black, 'why didn't you think of that before? You've committed an afterthought.' Or else he shouts, 'White Flag!' just because his opponent deliberately sacrifices a pawn or two to save his King."

"If you're going to drag in the Crown," I said—

"I drag in nothing," said Prenderby, "not even a red herring. As I said before, I hold no brief for the Referendum. I am not a good enough democrat. But I may permit myself to be politely amused when I find the Conservative party more democratic than your democrats themselves; stealing the Radical thunder and going one better with it. I may permit myself this recreation and yet remain detached from party."

"Like Lord ROSEBERY at Manchester," I said wittingly. "I see that in his 'non-party' speech he referred to the American dollars, though I noticed that he said nothing of Sir WILFRID LAURIER's contribution."

"If you must drag in the Prime Minister of Canada," said Prenderby, "let me say that I have a particular regard for him which is not increased by his interference in the matter of Home Rule. What would you and Canada think of Mr. ASQUITH if, while Premier of England, he openly subscribed to the funds of one of the parties in a Canadian election? As for Lord ROSEBERY, I resemble him, very modestly, in this—that we are both enamoured of moderate counsels; he as a member of the despised peerage, I as an ornament of the down-trodden middle-classes. I look forward to the day of moderate men; to the coming of a National party which shall combine the best of both sides."

"Meanwhile," said I, for I shrank from flirting with this rather seductive prospect,—"meanwhile the polls begin to-morrow, and we shall soon know whether the people accept or reject the idea of a Referendum."

"Whether, in fact," said Prenderby, "they prefer to put their trust in their representatives or in themselves."

"We shall see," said I.

"We shall see," said Prenderby.

At last we had touched a point of agreement, and I seized the opportunity to shift my ground to domestic woods and pastures uncontroversial.

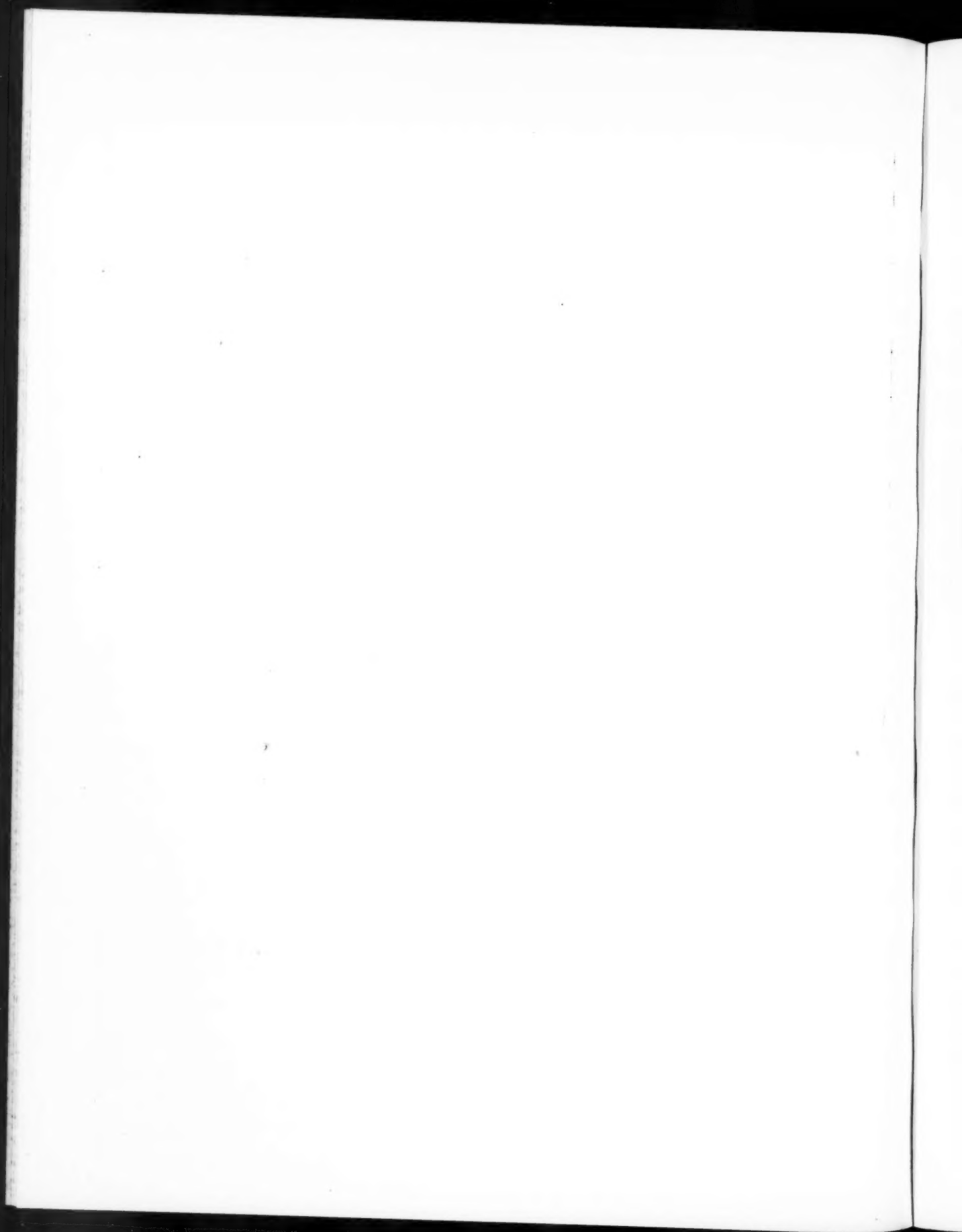
O. S.



### THE "NON-PARTY" WEAPON.

MR. ASQUITH. "I SAY, DON'T DO THAT."

LORD ROSEBERY. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW; THIS ISN'T A SWORD, IT'S A PLOUGHSHARE."







Betty (after the party). "AM I PRETTY, MUMMY?"

Mother (indulgently). "OH, YES, DEAR."

Betty. "AM I SO PRETTY THAT JACK AND DICK WILL DREAM ABOUT ME TO-NIGHT?"

### THE NEW PLANK AT WORK.

IN the year 19— the Referendum was in full swing. Mr. Bilberry's seven years' rule had just come to an end, with the result that he had been compelled to ask for a dissolution of Parliament; and he and Mr. Aston were now appealing to the country.

The position of affairs at this time may be described in a few words. Switzerland, flattered that the greatest nation in the world should re-model its Constitution upon the lines of hers, had returned the compliment by laying down a naval programme which altered entirely the whole European situation, and called for a renewed effort on the part of England. For this effort more taxes were necessary, and it was upon the method of raising these taxes that the Election would turn.

Mr. Aston was for getting the new taxes from the Rich.

Mr. Bilberry was for getting them from the Others.

Mr. Aston appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: We *must* have this money. Shall we get it from the Rich or from the Others?"

The Working Man thought profoundly, and then said, "What you mean is, would I rather you got it from *'im* or from *me*?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Aston.

"Right you are," said the working man. "Then I says from *'im*."

Mr. Bilberry appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: we *must* have this money. Mr. Aston proposes to tax the Rich. I need hardly point out to you what a calamity that would be to the working classes. It is folly to suppose that you can take money from the Rich without hurting the poor. In a thousand indirect ways it would affect you. Now my tax would only have the effect of stimulating you slightly."

"Wot O!" said the Working Man, and left it at that.

To the Middle Classes Mr. Bilberry said, "The nation is in Deadly Peril of Socialism. When the nation is in Deadly Peril there is only one party for which an Englishman can vote." And some of them, who had read of the Deadly Peril in which the nation had stood when the Abolition of the Death Penalty for Larceny was first suggested, were not greatly alarmed. But

others were, and gave him their votes.

To the Upper Classes Mr. Bilberry said: "What do you think of *this*?"

There were many other questions brought forward during the election, but the surprising unanimity of the rival candidates on the more important ones prevented them from having any considerable bearing on the result. For whenever an Astonite said: "Once again I advocate this and this," the Bilberryite would say hastily: "Why, my dear fellow, of *course*! That's what I've been saying for *weeks*! If anything, I should go even *further*, and do that and that."

Mr. Aston was returned by a small majority. His Bill for taxing the Rich was immediately drawn up, discussed in the House of Commons, and submitted to a Referendum.

Those who had previously voted for Mr. Bilberry, having no use for Mr. Aston, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Aston:—

The Working Man said, "O' course, if it's a choice between me and *'im*, I say, tax *'im*. But if they leave me out and say, 'Do you *want* *'im* taxed?'



*Caucasser (to indifferent Elector).* "D'YOU WANT MONEY TO GO OUT OF THIS COUNTRY AND TRADE TO BE STAGNANT?" [No answer.]  
*Caucasser.* "VOTE FOR MY MAN AND HE'LL PUT MONEY INTO YOUR POCKET AND TAKE IT FROM THE FOREIGNER." [No answer.]  
*Caucasser.* "IF YOU VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN WE SHALL SOON BE RULED BY GERMANS!!"  
*Elector.* "ACH! GOOT! I AM A SHEERMANS."

then I say 'No,' becoss 'e'll only take it out o' me afterwards."

The Middle Classes said, "Our second cousin by marriage tells us that he'll be ruined if this Bill passes; and those nice people who asked Phyllis down for Christmas are in a terrible way about it. Of course, we should never dream of voting for Mr. Bilberry, but this really goes a little too far."

The Upper Classes said: "Frankly, old man, you're asking rather too much, you know. I voted for you at the

last election and I'll vote for you again at the next. If you say bluntly to me: 'Ought we to tax the Rich or the Others?' well, I answer 'The Rich'; and if now I had to decide whether I or the poor man should pay, of course I'd pay up like a shot. But I haven't got to decide that. You're pledged not to tax the Others any more, and the only question for me is whether I like your Bill. Well, you can't blame me, old man, if I say that I don't."

Mr. Aston's Bill was rejected by

the People. He resigned. Mr. Bilberry accepted office and advised a Dissolution.

At the General Election Mr. Bilberry pointed out that the Astonites had shown themselves absolutely impotent to deal with the extremely critical situation, the threatened danger from the Swiss programme not having been met by any of the necessary financial provisions. He also pointed out that this election had been forced upon the country at an extremely inconvenient time for shopkeepers. Mr. Bilberry was returned.

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Those who had voted for Mr. Aston, having no use for Mr. Bilberry, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Bilberry:—

The Upper Classes said, "I say, old man, what? I mean—well—I shall have to think it over. I didn't know it was going to be like *this*! Of course, I'd sooner shoot myself than do anything to put Aston in, but— You know, even if this went against you, you needn't resign, need you?"

The Middle Classes said: "Of course, it is a time of national peril, and one is prepared to make sacrifices. But they must be *reasonable* sacrifices. I don't think I should be *justified*, as a family man, in voting for this. It isn't a question of what we want, but what we can afford. I have just worked it out, and I see that I shall have to pay—well, I mean, it's *absurd*."

The Working Man said: "Well, lorblimey, do I want it? Do I look as if I wanted it? I may 'ave been a mug at the election, but 'eaven bless your dear innercent face if you think you'll catch little Willie again."

Mr. Bilberry's Bill was rejected by the People.

I forget whether Mr. Bilberry resigned.

And nothing had been done about the Swiss Menace.

And the Astonites' exchequer was empty.

And the People were sick of polls and posters and posters and polls. . . .

You will understand, then, how it was that some years later, when a Bill for remodelling the Constitution on its old lines of Parliamentary Government was brought in, it was approved by the People amidst scenes of the greatest excitement. An additional reason for celebration was the fact that it was the first Bill which had survived the Referendum.

A. A. M.



### PALS BEFORE PARTY.

*M.P.'s Wife.* "I SAY, ARCHIE, IT'S A SHAME TO ABUSE POOR RODDY AS YOU DID IN YOUR SPEECH LAST NIGHT. AFTER ALL, HE'S YOUR BEST PAL, ALTHOUGH HE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE."

*M.P.* "MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY ABOUT ME TO-MORROW. HE'S SHOWN ME HIS SPEECH, AND I'M JOTTING DOWN A FEW ADDITIONAL EPITHETS FOR HIM TO STICK IN."

### IN PRAISE OF WINTER ELECTIONS.

At the season of chills, when the breath of the vapours  
Is hardened to delicate rime,  
You have heard, Mr. ASQUITH, no doubt, from the papers  
That polls are a crime.  
Let it cheer you to know, in the midst of their curses,  
Whoe'er may be moaning his lot,  
That the writer of these irresponsible verses  
Is not.

For, whether in winter or whether in summer,  
The farce of electoral throbs  
Interferes with the odes of a lyrical thrummer,  
And bores him to sobs;  
But I think, on the whole, that the moon of the holly  
Is best for the madness to fall,  
If we must have these moments of imbecile folly  
At all.

For out in the streets there are hundreds of posters  
The eye of the artist to vex;  
There is thumping of tubs and a legion of boasters  
That bark through their necks.  
Is it there that Apollo is like to exhort us,  
Or lead his melodious choir?  
Shall the voice of the turtle be there or the tortoise-  
-shell lyre?

Not much: but within, for the brethren of Orpheus,  
Is comfort and wassail and ease,  
Undisturbed by the insolent argot of wharf-use—  
The words of bargees.  
It is well that a time when the demagogues prosy  
Are drowning the harp with their roars  
Should be also a time when it's deucedly cosy  
Indoors.

When the vulgar are crowding, with faces that tingle,  
To booths where the hurricanes whizz,  
I shall sleep by the fire, in the nook of the ingle  
(Whatever that is),  
And be glad that the polls have come round in December,  
When (warm with the winter's good cheer)  
The bard can most easily fail to remember  
They're here. EVOE.

From an Indian paper:

"FOR SALE.—The valuable business lately carried on at Gloom, near Darjeeling, as a Boarding House and Piggery."  
So they've noticed it in India, too!

"As a precautionary measure, workmen were yesterday busily engaged in feeling some of the more dangerously situated trees."

*The Daily Telegraph.*  
This is the sort of job we have been looking for for years.



## ROUND AND ROUND.

(A Romance of 1915.)

March 2.—Great meeting of Unionist Free-Traders, attended by Lord CROMER, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord HUGH CECIL, and others, Lord CROMER being in the Chair. After delivering many impassioned speeches in defence of Free Trade, they decide to reorganise themselves and to offer a determined resistance to Tariff Reform. The meeting separates amid great enthusiasm, punctuated by patriotic songs.

March 3.—Introduction and first reading of Government Bill for the Nationalisation of Motor-Cars.

March 4.—*The Times*, in a leading article, declares that to nationalise motor-cars is to ruin the nation. *The Daily Mail* publishes an article by Mr. LEO MAXSE declaring that all members of the Government, including the Junior Lords of the Treasury (unpaid), are outside the pale of humanity and must be shot at sight. *The Daily News* denounces opposition to the Bill as factious and interested.

March 5 (if March 5 falls on a Sunday).—Mr. J. L. GARVIN publishes in *The Observer* a leading article twelve columns in length. He demands the impeachment of Mr. ASQUITH and the immediate execution of all Irish Nationalist Members on Tower Hill. "Only thus," he concludes, "can we avenge the dastardly insult which has been offered to our English manhood. Only thus can we remove the ineffaceable stain which has been smeared in lurid and degrading colours over our escutcheon."

March 6.—Formation of Motor Nationalisation League.

March 7.—Establishment of Anti-Nationalisation of Motors League.

March 8.—Each League calls on the other to publish a list of its subscribers.

March 12.—Mr. J. L. GARVIN declares in a leading article of nineteen columns that he is not now a Home Ruler.

March 17.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundredth non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting held in the City of London under the chairmanship of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE addresses a meeting at Plaistow. He threatens the House of Lords with extinction, and compares their lordships to rats fed on red herrings.

March 20.—In a long and carefully reasoned letter to *The Times* Sir HENRY HOWORTH points out that, whatever Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's own diet may be, he (Sir HENRY) has never yet known a member of the House of Lords who cared to eat a red herring.

March 21.—Mr. F. E. SMITH, in a great speech at Cheltenham, calls Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the Red Herring King.

March 22.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a great speech at Sevenoaks, denounces Mr. F. E. SMITH as impish, impudent and impossible.

March 23.—Mr. F. E. SMITH and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL dine together.

March 24.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundred-and-first non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting in Birmingham under the chairmanship of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. He shows that the nationalisation of motor cars leads straight to the nationalisation of clocks and watches, spoons and forks and small change of all sorts, and that from this to the destruction of religion, family life, marriage and Sunday beer is but a step.

April 3.—The Unionist Free Traders at a great and enthusiastic meeting declare that if Mr. BALFOUR will agree

to postpone Tariff Reform they will be prepared to vote for Tariff Reformers.

April 4.—Mr. BALFOUR says he is willing to postpone Tariff Reform for a fortnight.

April 5.—Great enthusiasm expressed by Unionist Free Traders over Mr. BALFOUR's promise. *The Morning Post*, however, salutes him as "the late leader of the Unionist party."

April 8.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundred-and-second non-party speech against the Liberal party at a great non-party meeting held in Belfast under the chairmanship of Sir EDWARD CARSON.

April 10.—Mr. F. E. SMITH at a meeting in Devizes says that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a disgraced disseminator of dishonour.

April 11.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at a meeting in Deptford declares that Mr. F. E. SMITH always prefers mendacity to men and stupidity to statesmanship.

April 12.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. F. E. SMITH lunch together in London.

(Further dates may be filled in according to taste and experience.)

## SOLOMON AND THE MONKEYS.

APES and peacocks and almug and ivory

SOLOMON sent for over seas,

And, if you ask me the reason why for he

Sent his shipping for such as these—

Peacocks flaunt like an opal necklace,

Figurey almug's fair and fleckless,

Ivory's smooth and white and speckless

(Tusks on a plinth of gold);

And the little grey monkeys, so wrinkled wise,

Little grey apes with the twinkling eyes,

Puckered, brown and cold,

'Spite of their lightsome ways and reckless,

Know the wisdom of gods of old!

SOLOMON sat by his garden palaces

Seeking wisdom of earth and air;

Little grey apes, full of mocks and malices,

Chipped and chattered around his chair;

Chipped and chattered and made grimaces,

Rubbed their backs and their wrinkled faces,

Swung themselves with a score of graces

Through the cedar trees;

But never their knowledge could SOLOMON catch,

For, if he asked them, they'd only scratch,

Stop and scratch for fleas;

Then they'd rocket away in races,

Ruffling, scuffling, in twos and threes!

So SOLOMON sent for HIRAM, King o' Tyre;

HIRAM strode 'neath the budding leaf,

Purple vesture and golden ring, attire

Fit indeed for a merchant chief;

He bade him watch the monkeys slipping

Through the pomegranate branches dipping

Over the fountains ferned and dripping,

Green and clear and cold;

And "'Tis excellent knowledge," King HIRAM said,

"That keeps its learning inside its head;

That's your monkey's gold—

That's the reason that sets them skipping—

That's their wisdom of gods of old!"

## A Blow for Smith minor.

"That the feeding of school-children during holidays was illegal was the opinion of Sir R. B. Finlay."—*Daily Mirror*.



## FANTASY.

THERE is no truth in the following account. It is based solely on the unconfirmed report of the central figure. That central figure is I, and I have just stated that there is no truth in it. It is not the truth, part of the truth, or anything like the truth. It is the invention of one miserable, downtrodden Junior; the outpourings of a soul clamouring for freedom and self-expansion. Let me pretend, just for once, that I am not the most permanently rebuked person in the world, who may not even say "Boo!" to an usher without being told that I am frivolous, vexatious, and an abuse of the process of the Court. Let me pretend all that. Will you?

Counsel for the Plaintiff said what he had to say, and all eyes were fixed on me. You see, I was Counsel for the Defendant, and there we all were sitting in the High Court and making a day of it.

"Forgive me," I said, "but I did not quite follow what you were saying. I was thinking of something else. Start at the beginning and say it all over again." Then I closed my eyes and put my feet up on the K.C.'s bench in front of me, not, as I assured them, to go to sleep, but because I could hear better in that position. When at last they insisted on a few words from me, I, seeing that there was no way out of it, got up and addressed them.

"Look here, Judge, old man," I said, "it is all very fine for t'other fellow to talk about vendors and purchasers and estoppels (what is an estoppel, anyway?) and all that rot. It is all very fine for him to go burbling on about statutes and cases, but the cold truth is that he wants my client to pay his client hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and my client ain't going to do no such thing. He has the best reasons for refusing, but I am not at liberty to divulge them. At least I have forgotten most of them, and I never could understand the rest. I can promise you that they are first-class reasons, if a bit complicated in parts, and I can promise you that my client is a man in a thousand."

Mr. Justice What's-his-name, who I really don't think can have been listening, bestirred himself to ask me what about the Sale of Goods Act. But I told him that I was not going to answer that question, because I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. Besides, I told him that I knew nothing about the Law, and cared less.

"*Ignorantia juris haud excusat*," he muttered, and while the court rocked



## THE UNDEFEATED SALESMAN.

Customer. "BUT IT HASN'T SAID A WORD ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN IN THE SHOP!"

Salesman. "THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MADAM. HIS LATE OWNER ALWAYS WENT TO SLEEP ON EARLY CLOSING DAY, AND AFTER TWO O'CLOCK ON THURSDAYS NOTHING WILL INDUCE THAT INTELLIGENT BIRD TO UTTER A SOUND."

with subservient and hilarious laughter I took my pipe out of my pocket and lit it.

"Tell me when I'm due to laugh," said I between the puffs, "and I'll do my best for you. Now, if you are quite sure you have finished being funny, I will go on with the case. My dear old Lud, what is the use of all this chin-wagging? The fact is that my client wants all his money for himself, and if he finds, when he comes to do his accounts at the end of the year, that he has got a little over, you may bet your wig that he is not going to give that little to a man with a face like the Plaintiff's. Do we admit liability, you ask? We admit any old thing you like, for a little peace. More than that, if you will all come across to the

Cock Tavern, Plaintiff, Plaintiff's counsel, Plaintiff's solicitor, clerks, ushers, court-loafers, and even your bonny old self, we'll stand the drinks if you'll let bygones be bygones. There!"

I sat down, humming a popular melody to show that I bore no malice, and the Judge said something bitter about "Judgment for the Plaintiff in the full amount of his claim and costs." As for me I went up to where the old fellow sat on his perch and cooed, "Bench, dear boy, you are not cross with me, are you?" and, arm-in-arm with my client and his solicitor, strolled out of court as happy as a sandboy.

\* \* \* \*

Thank you for bearing with me. I feel better now.



### THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

*Candid.* "How do you think things are going?"

*Agent.* "Well—the harmoniums have done a lot of good, but you'll have to change that bagatelle board at the workmen's club for a billiard table."

### OPERATIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPENSIVE PRODUCTION OF  
"TORQUEMADA."  
(*Special.*)

THE music of *Torquemada*, as all intelligent amateurs are doubtless well aware, has been more extravagantly praised and abused than any which has ever been composed since the days of Orpheus. Herr Boboloff, the famous St. Petersburg critic, has described it as a musical Reign of Terror; while Signor Puppo Stecchi, of Milan, calls it the "*ne plus ultra* of cosmic ecstasy." The same eminent authority also calls attention to the extraordinary way in which Herr Cassowar combines deep

spirituality with a cynical freakishness. "Scenes of an outrageous indecorum," he writes, "are handled with the utmost solemnity, while those passages in the drama which touch on the deepest mysteries of religion are treated with a hearty irreverence which recalls the most splendidly ghastly orgies of the cult of Reason in the French Revolution. Herr Cassowar is as cruel as Nature, as brutal as death—in short, a genius of the deepest dye, and in *Torquemada* he has found a theme which gives his gorgeous inhumanity superlative scope." It will be readily understood that music of this quality is extremely expensive to compose and produce, and no apology is needed for the announcement that, on

the occasion of the performance of this epoch-making work, the price for hiring opera-glasses will be raised from sixpence to ten shillings.

The rôle of *Dolores* will be undertaken by the famous American *prima donna*, Madame Poppæa Scarlett, who created it on the occasion of the original production at Widdin. As Madame Scarlett holds the record for the highest fee ever paid to a *prima donna* for a single performance—viz., £10,000—the prices will be raised on this and all occasions on which she will appear. All the reserved seats have already been taken, with the exception of a few extra stalls attached by pulleys to the central electrolier. These can be had for 50 guineas apiece.

The orchestra will be increased from 85 to 170 performers for the production of *Torquemada*, as the scoring for the instruments of percussion is unusually rich, the drums being often divided into as many as twenty genuine parts, while extra instruments of peculiar sonority, including the Schreckhorn, are employed in the torture scenes in order to drown the shrieks of the victims. The immense extra expense to which the management has been put in order to meet these requirements has involved a revision of the refreshment tariff, and on the nights on which *Torquemada* is performed the charge for coffee will be 2s. 6d. a cup, and for ices 15s. each.

The scenery, which has been specially hand-painted for the production, is of special magnificence, many thousand tubes of the choicest paint having been exhausted on the superb canvases provided by the artists, MM. van Dorb and Karameloff. In consequence of this terrific outlay, running into several thousands of pounds, the management have been reluctantly obliged to raise the prices of the programmes and books of the words, which will be supplied at 5s. and £1 1s. respectively.

The Ballet of Inquisitors is of altogether unusual size, and the strain imposed upon them in the Dance of the Seventy Thumb-screws is so exacting that a special honorarium has been added to their usual salary. In view of this fact the management respectfully beg to announce that the cloak-room fees will be increased on *Torquemada* nights from 3d. to 4½d.

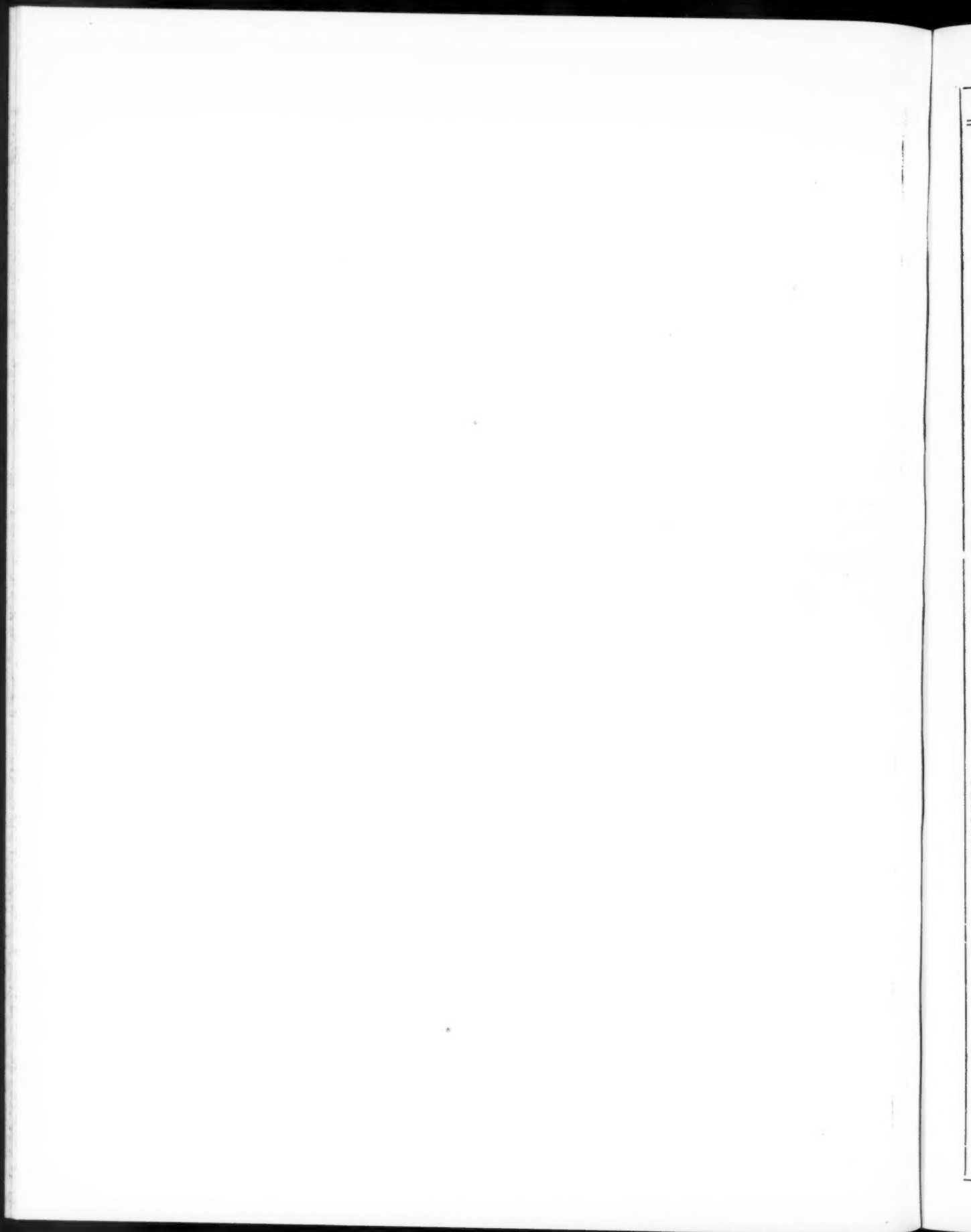
It is only right to add that, in spite of all these enhanced charges, the management expect to lose at least £20,000 on the production.

COMFORTING REFLECTION AT THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS'.—Things, after all, are not so bad as they're painted.



### THE PREFERENDUM.

MR. TARIFF. "AFTER YOU, MY LORD; IT SEEMS YOUR NEED OF REFORM IS MORE PRESSING THAN MINE."







*Virile Lady (after a long narrative of her doings in various branches of sport). "AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T GO IN FOR EITHER HUNTIN' OR SHOOTIN' OR GOLFIN'? DON'T YOU SOMETIMES GET FEARFULLY BORED?" Hostess (feelingly). "YES, I DO."*

### THE BISHOP'S MOVE.

[In a recent number of his *Diocesan Magazine* the Bishop of WORCESTER lays down a rule that men ordained by him are "not to contract matrimonial engagements" during their Diaconate. "In the event," he adds, "of this not being observed, I should feel it my duty to remove the young man to another curacy, if the lady were a resident in the district."]

WHEN Strephon wooed, I showed immense

Reciprocal devotion,  
Although, to speak without pretence,  
I'd not the slightest notion  
That love's unwelcome consequence  
Would be perpetual motion.

As we surveyed the placid sea  
It showed no warning beacon;  
We clean forgot the penalty  
Our Bishop vowed to wreak on  
The rebel who presumed to be  
Affianced while a deacon.

"The man who dares to disobey  
His Bishop comes a cropper,"  
(His Lordship wrote); "I beg to say  
Your conduct is improper.  
I hope you'll choose the easier way—  
Which is, of course, to drop her.

"Else you, who show me disrespect,  
Must be severely dropped on;  
You'll quit your post (I fear neglect  
Of duty if you stopped on)  
And undertake, as I direct,  
The curacy of Plopton."

"D' you think," I cried, while Strephon stood  
Irresolute, "I'll swallow  
Defeat like this? What hardihood  
To utter threats so hollow!  
You go to Plopton? Well and good—  
Mother and I will follow!"

He went—and we went. In a week  
The Bishop, who had thirsted  
For vengeance, finding, so to speak,  
His machinations worsted,  
Bade Strephon move again, to seek  
The curacy of Burstead.

From Burstead on to Newton Leas,  
From Newton Leas to Keating,  
Still an astonished Diocese  
Beholds my lover fleeing;  
But, try his lordship as he please,  
He can't prevent us meeting!

Poor Bishop! By-and-by he'll gain  
The sorrowful conviction

That here his threats are all in vain,  
His rule an empty fiction,  
And that young ladies yet remain  
Beyond his jurisdiction!

Mr. BONAR LAW as reported in *The Scotsman*:

"Surely it was the most unreasonable of propositions to assert that we could not have a greater moral right to ask equality of treatment on the Indian market when we gave to them advantages in our market which were not given to other people than we had that right now, when we gave her no advantage which was not enjoyed by every other country in the world so much as it was by India. (Cheers.)"

Even Mr. LAW's bitterest opponent could hardly have forborne to cheer so exciting a finish.

Extract from the letter of a Baboo, who, after much correspondence with the postal officials over some small grievance, at length breaks into poetry and sums up the case against red tape as follows:

"The bell of death is ever ring,  
Over the poor and over the king.  
The world is ever tit for tat,  
Over the thin and over the fat."

### A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

GREAT confusion having arisen in the papers with regard to the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, some referring to him always as Dr. BURNS, in recognition of a degree recently conferred upon him by Liverpool University, and others still adhering to Mr. BURNS, a public meeting was called to decide upon some united course of action. The Mayor of BATTERSEA was in the Chair, and many prominent journalists and public men were present.

Mr. BUCKLE, of *The Times*, said that he was averse from conferring such titles. Take, for example, the case of the head of the Salvation Army. *The Times*, it is true, called him "General," but only between inverted commas. He would admit that Mr. BURNS's degree was not, like the General's, self-imposed. *The Times*, however, would continue to call him Mr., and with the more confidence in view of the recent case of a certain Doctor who thought he had been to the Pole.

Mr. JAMES BRYCE, the British Ambassador at Washington, said that no one, he believed, possessed so many honorary degrees as himself; but he had never called himself Dr. Bryce, and never should, unless, of course, he occupied part of his leisure in his retirement in becoming a medical student and qualifying for his M.D.

Mr. MARLOWE, of *The Daily Mail*, said that he had given instructions for Mr. BURNS to be called Dr. BURNS in that paper. He, the speaker, believed that when honours were conferred they should be recognised. If the KING were to confer the title of knighthood, or even a peerage, on himself, he should be careful to make his name correspond to the compliment.

Mr. DONALD, of *The Daily Chronicle*, said that his staff still called Mr. BURNS Mr. He had noticed that *The Daily Mail*, which he occasionally saw at his club or on the seat of a railway compartment, had adopted the Dr., and he assumed that it did so for party reasons, hoping that it might suggest ridicule. For him, however, Mr. BURNS would always remain plain honest JOHN, in no need for honorary degrees from anyone, least of all from the enemy.

The Editor of *The British Medical*

*Journal* said that he objected to the term Doctor for any but medical men. There should be no such thing as Doctors of Laws or Divinity. Doctors should mean medical practitioners or consulting physicians. He could foresee great confusion in Battersea if Mr. BURNS were called Dr. BURNS. All kinds of people who were taken ill would be sending for him.

Dr. MACNAMARA said that he was called Doctor because he had been made an hon. LL.D. of St. Andrew's. He did not know that the title had done him any harm. It is true that he had occasionally been asked to prescribe, and had always done so, his one remedy for all ills being *ipeacuanha*.

Dr. CLIFFORD said that he had been

speak of Dr. KITCHENER and Dr. CROMER.

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of *The Spectator*, vigorously objected to the question being decided by a snap vote at a local meeting. This was clearly a "question of great gravity," which should only be settled finally by resort to the Referendum. The cost of a Referendum had been grossly exaggerated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who said it would involve an outlay of £2,000,000. As a matter of fact, he (Mr. STRACHEY) had convinced himself by a careful inquiry that it would not cost more than £250,000. In conclusion he advocated this method of deciding the question for the following reasons:—

(1) Because he was a democrat and wished the will of the people to prevail.

(2) Because he had supported the Referendum for fifteen years.

(3) Because Switzerland, the home of the Referendum, possessed the best system of universal service in the world.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., pointed out that the names BURNS and BACON both contained the same number of letters, and that the aggregate equalled the number contained in the name SHAKESPEARE. The word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* clearly referred to an honorary degree. On all these grounds he cordially supported Mr. BURNS's assumption of the title "Doctor."

Mr. FABIAN WARE, of *The Morning Post*, said that he should continue to refer to Mr. BURNS as Mr. BURNS whenever it was impossible to avoid mentioning him altogether.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that he also was an honorary Doctor, three deep at least. He had no fixed rule as to style. Sometimes he used the term, and sometimes not. In America he had used it, because the Americans liked that kind of thing. He was often called Professor in America, but never, so far as he could remember, Colonel or Judge.

The Chairman then put the question to the meeting—Shall we call our old friend JOHN BURNS Mr. or Dr.? The result was an overwhelming majority in favour of retaining the more modest designation, and the company dispersed, singing the Battersea National Anthem.



"WOT'S WRONG WIV OLD ENGLAND? WHY, I'LL TELL YER WOT'S WRONG, MATE! IT'S THESE 'ERE SOSHALISTIC IDEAS, THAT'S WOT IT IS! IF FOLKS 'UD ONLY KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN, THEY'D SEE THE BLOOMIN' CONSTITUTION A-CRUMBLIN' UNDER THEIR VERY FEET! BUT THEY DON'T; THEY GOES ABAHT BLIND!"

entitled Doctor for many years, but had never been called in to attend anyone who was physically ill. Spiritually, yes. He would be glad to attend spiritually, or politically, anyone present at that meeting at a moment's notice. He considered that the prefix ennobled a man. He strongly advised Mr. BURNS to be known as Doctor.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, speaking on behalf of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, said he was strongly in favour of what he might call the doctorial differentiation. By this means only could an end be put to the confusion which had so long existed between the Member for Battersea and his namesake the poet, who could never be accused of an honorary degree.

Lord INVERLYDE strongly protested against the assumption of the prefix Doctor on the strength of an honorary degree. At that rate they ought to



"IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE'S GOLDEN DAYS." - DRIVING DOWN TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

IN THE EVENT OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY RESTORING THE MINISTERIALISTS TO OFFICE WE ANTICIPATE SOME SUCH INSPIRING SCENE AS THE ABOVE.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

THE atmosphere of Miss UNGER'S American adaptation from the French is sufficiently cosmopolitan. The names and plot and geography are French; the manner is Franco-Anglo-American; the language of three of the leading characters is American and of the other two broken English with either a French or a Russian accent. As for the humour—in Paris where it originally came from it was, no doubt, very heady, but that was before it had been watered out West.

The scheme, of course, has an almost purely French interest; it is a satire on the methods *à-bas* of canvassing for the Legion of Honour. A woman novelist, in agony lest a female rival should secure the only available ribbon, persuades her uxorious husband to flirt with the wife of the Minister who has the disposal of it. The husband, at first expostulating, carries out her wishes too generously, and the prize is hers at the temporary cost of conjugal security. That's all: except that the rival ribbon-hunter turns out to be a man writing under a female *nom de guerre*. The revelation of his identity is the one effective episode in the play; but very little was made of it. This was a pity, as there was not enough stuff to go quite round; and it had to be eked out with fun of a farcical order, in which Mr. HUNTLEY figured as a devastating Adonis, and Miss DORIS KEANE was extremely sinuous and susceptible. Miss HATTIE WILLIAMS'S workmanlike style helped to hold together a play that was handicapped by a poor start. Much of the dove-cote business of the First Act might have been spared, though I daresay that if Mr. RICHIE LING as the doting husband had been a little less commonplace we might have been on better terms with ourselves at an earlier stage. Still, I incline to the opinion of a critical friend who thought that this kind of thing is done better in France, and perhaps best not done at all.

The advertisements of the American company say that "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents *Decorating Clementine* with Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY." Well, I don't know what we should have done without him, or if Miss DORIS KEANE had worn more clothes. O. S.

## Life's Little Emergencies.

"TO PREVENT A DOG HOWLING:—When playing the piano someone should pet the dog, and pat it on the head, and stroke it."

Dublin Evening Mail.

## HOW THINGS MANAGE TO KEEP OUT OF THE PAPERS.

THE crowding of the newspapers just now with political matter is a real grievance to more people than to the poet who throbbed out his plaint in your last week's issue (writes a correspondent).

There is the unfortunate case of Miss Rosie FitzVerriloe, who is to play the principal girl in one of the leading pantomimes. Such a part requires, of course, very careful preparation. This dainty young comédienne therefore arranged a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. While she was standing



## HONESTY JUST NOW THE BEST POLICY.

Coster (who usually describes these things as "fresh-laid eggs"). "E-LEC-SHUN EGGS. GUARAN-TEED ABSO-LUTELY ROTTEN!!!"

in the gallery at the top of the dome a young man assailed her and snatched a priceless diamond necklace from her throat, and flung it so skilfully that after a scintillating journey it fell into the hands of an accomplice waiting in the churchyard below. Although a photographer and a news-gatherer happened to be passing at the time, no report whatever appeared in the papers.

Then again there is the incident of the famous novelist in Fleet Street last Friday. Although he has not received much publicity for some weeks now, it was quite inadvertently that he was knocked down by a motor-bus and bruised his elbow against a roast chestnut barrow. His hat fell off, and the crowd, recognising him, stood away

reverently to give him air. At his request he was led into the office of a leading newspaper, where everything he desired was placed at his disposal—except an interview.

On Monday one of the judges in the King's Bench Division had the day of his life. He kept himself roaring with laughter, and a few sycophantic juniors laughed too. Yet not one of his jokes was to be seen in Tuesday's papers. I point this out as a matter of interest. I do not complain, for from this unpublished fund of humour I have collected one or two specimens which, with the Editor's permission, I will now—

[No, no! Ed.]

## THE PROFITABLE PIROUETTE.

[At Polish marriages it is the custom to have a big wedding dance, at which the bride receives a money for-it from every man she can tire out with dancing. At a recent wedding the lady won over £50.]

I've sometimes grown sarcastic

On noting, dearest Sue,  
How much the light fantastic  
Was occupying you.

Myself, I'd choose a small room,  
A tête-à-tête; I'm not  
Enamoured of the ball-room;  
I think the ragtime rot.

But now I know such capers  
Should please a frugal youth;  
A snippet from the papers  
Has cut my wisdom tooth.  
No more, Susannah, shall you  
Hear plaints of mine; I see  
Pecuniary value  
In your agility.

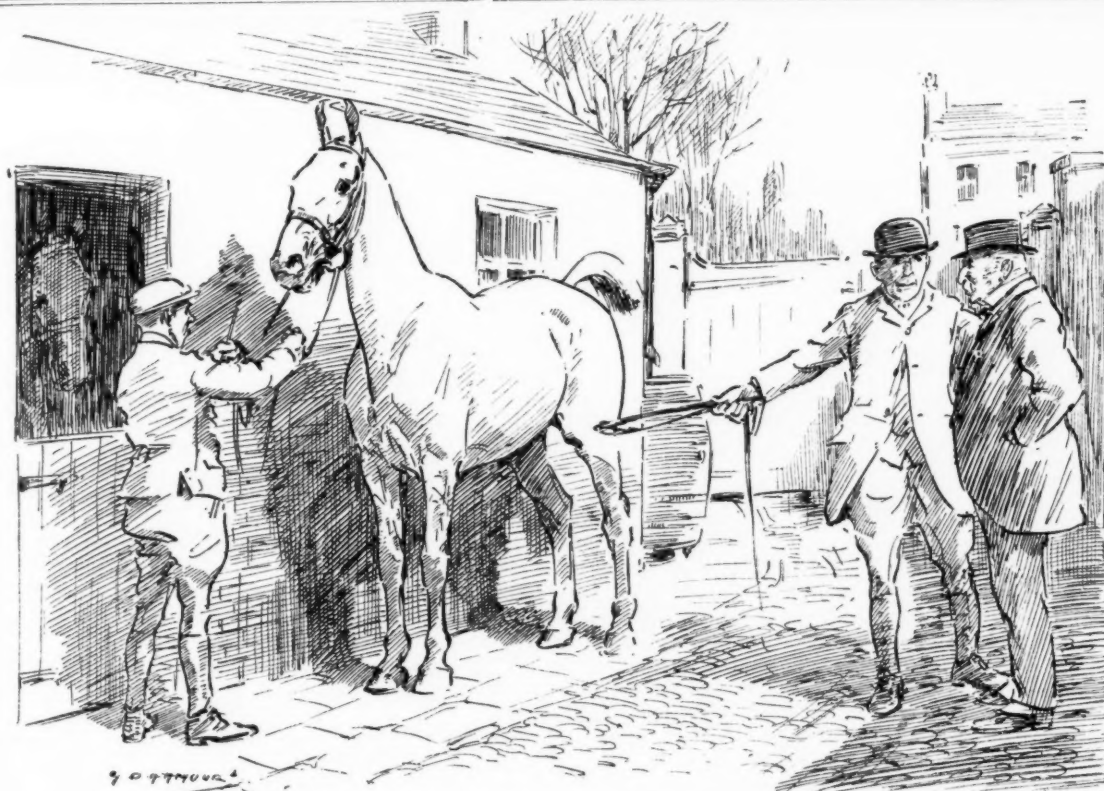
So, dear, in practice daily  
Your time of leisure spend,  
Till you can trip it gaily  
For many hours on end;  
And when throughout the whole  
land

Your skill surpasses man's  
We'll emigrate to Poland  
And there put up the bans.

To you in bridal raiment  
The people of the town  
Will yield the wonted payment  
When you have danced them down.  
And so by this extortion  
You'll prove my prop and staff,  
A plutocratic portion  
As well as better half.

*The Brightlingsea News*, in dwelling upon its value as an advertising medium, points out that any announcement which it prints "will be seen and read at a time when people are in the act of reading." There must be something in the bracing air of Brightlingsea after all.





Dealer. "Too much money? BUT JUST LOOK AT HIS MAKE AND SHAPE! WHY, THE SHADOW OF HIM ON THE WALL'S WORTH AS MUCH AS A COMMON HORSE."

### STRENGTH AT THE HELM.

As everyone now knows, there is not a German waiter or clerk in London or England to-day that is not an active spy and soldier in the service of his Fatherland, only waiting for the moment to rise and strike. The interval that occurs between the ordering of your chop at a restaurant and its tardy appearance is due not to any defect in the kitchen but to allow time for the waiter to make a full note for the Berlin War Office as to your appearance and probable fighting weight. So again with the German clerk who receives you in the City. Those constant entries in his ledger have not, as it may seem, any reference to your business, but to yourself. Only in this way can Germany be properly forewarned, and thus forearmed. But, as any military authority will tell you, it is no use having a highly efficient and numerous band of spies in the enemy's midst unless they are under control. Who, then, controls the myriad German spies in London? We are in a position to give the answer, and to give it for the first time. The head of this gigantic

system is probably the last man you would suspect, for, by a masterpiece of Teutonic subtlety, he is notoriously a builder-up of the English frame, a maker of muscle, an apostle of fitness. See the devilish cunning (*Teufel-schlaueit*) of it. It is as though a poacher were a gamekeeper, a burglar a detective, a lawyer a gentleman. Yet it is this man whose name is in every paper as a renovator of the Anglo-Saxon fibre who is at the head of the German army secreted in our midst. In other words, it is the famous Muskel-Brust.

Nothing is wanting but Muskel-Brust's word of command for every German clerk in the country to convert his pen into a poisoned bayonet, every German waiter to drop hyoscine into the food, every German barber to let loose the tetra-chloride, and England to be a conquered nation.

The main facts of the case are of course known to every Teutophobe, yet never before has the truth about Muskel-Brust been told. But we have not yet revealed all. For it has come to our knowledge that Muskel-Brust himself is a more masterful MACHIAVELLI even than we have indicated. We are in a position to state that his magnificent

development is not genuine. That huge biceps standing from his arms like Primrose Hill, those grand muscular protuberances on his shoulders and thighs, are in reality receptacles for the deadliest form of concentrated explosive. The man is a walking magazine of terrific menace. He can carry about with him enough cordite tabloids to blow up all London. Divested of his secret cargo he is a slight and hollow-chested man of insignificant appearance, such as might do the lock-step down Regent Street. *Verb. sap.*

In a recent announcement of "Prospective Arrangements" the Passmore Edwards Settlement gave notice of—

1. Monday, November 28—Debate in support of the hereditary principle of the House of Lords.

2. Saturday, December 3—Lantern Lecture: Some more extinct monsters.

Thus Humour manifests itself in the most unlikely spot.

### Another Inexactitude.

"I say there is only one word for it and that is 'Come on.'"

Mr. Churchill at Lambeth.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In point of solid literature this may be a mediocre age, but now and then it does produce a short story worthy of the laurel; and I would like to include the name of EDITH WHARTON among the masters of that modern art. *Tales of Men and Ghosts* (MACMILLAN) are the sort of which, however late the hour, you must just read one more before you go to bed. If the ghosts are few and not too ghastly, the men are divers and many and very much alive. Better than either are the ideas, of which there is at least one, bright and sound and neatly pointed, to each of the ten stories. The main theme is the littérateur at the top of his success or in the depths of his failure, the artistic temperament in embryo and apotheosis. There is also some mention of love and a case of insanity. The general atmosphere is one of cleverness which is never smart, and of irony which is always gentle. The best of the stories are "The Letters" and "The Legend." In the latter Mrs. Bain entertains the Artistically Superior and the Mentally Elect to a discussion of the latest intellectualism and a stand-up supper; and a touch most delightful and also typical of the book is the discovery of Mr. Bain, withdrawn to his study and there smoking a surreptitious cigar over the last number of *The Strand*.

Reading *The Charm* (METHUEN) you get a curious impression that here is an incident

of real life not very efficiently reported. You have no doubt that Mark Rennard, of the Indian Civil, existed in the flesh. You do not suspect that his being jilted by an English miss and married, in the off moments following, by a half-caste widow, of beautiful exterior but vulgar origin, is all make-believe. Accepting these as facts of life, you are pleasantly curious to see what happens when he has to go through with his folly under the gaze of the better Indian society and even of the jilt herself. You wish you could find out from the people concerned what they felt about it, instead of having to take Miss ALICE PERRIN's account. If you are an inquisitive person you may even be tempted to go to Koranabad to enquire how it all ended, for you are by no means definitely informed; or, failing that journey, you may ask at Scotland Yard if anything has been heard of Mark's stepson, Alaric, alias *Junksie*, a child of marked and mischievous promise, who ran away to England halfway through the book and was not referred to again. Certainly, if you begin the story you will finish it, partly in the vain hope of finding out who the pretty lady on the cover may be, more because you will be interested in a remarkable, if melancholy, affair.

The secret (if you care to know)

Which Mr. GARVICE has in keeping

Is that he has the sense to sow

Where there's the greatest chance of reaping;

He caters, so to say, for those

Who like a plot, not over gory,

Dressed up in unassuming prose—

In short, a plain straightforward story.

In such he does a roaring trade

Which one I've read from start to finish—

*The Heart*, he calls it, of a *Maid*

(HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—won't diminish:

Candour and cunning, love and cash,

Fight the old fight for top-dog places,

With no confusing balderdash

Of literary arts and graces.

I dare say you think now that a book all about a little girl at boarding-school is not likely to be particularly

interesting to the grown-up reader. If so, this is because you have not yet read *The Getting of Wisdom* (HEINEMANN), and therefore do not know what a clever writer like "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON" can make of such a subject. Of course, the authoress is a little helped by her setting; for the school to which *Laura* was sent, at the age of twelve, was in Melbourne, and both there and in her country home the colonial background to the story is picturesque and unfamiliar. As



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VII.

AT A BARGAIN SALE.

for the story itself I have no words but those of sincere admiration. The study it gives of the development of a single character is really amazingly clever. *Laura's* companions, too, are all made to live; indeed, though I was never myself an inmate of a girls' school, I feel certain that life there must be precisely what the book describes it. Needless to say, *Laura* has little in common with the virtuous protagonists of the school stories of an earlier generation. The wisdom she gets is not all of it what would be called desirable; and the various stages of her progress are shown with a realism that is wholly modern. This it is, of course, that makes the history so absorbing. *Laura* is, and remains to the end, an entirely human creation; the fact that, at a crisis in her career she is allowed to cheat flagrantly, and is neither found out nor remorseful, completed my admiration for her historian.

From *A New Cookery Book*:

"Now sit on the front of the stove and stir constantly."

The advice contained in the last two words is unnecessary. One would.